

Racing Enjoys Its Biggest Day Since Colin Won Belmont Stakes, in 1908

Thousands Roar as High Noon Wins the Toboggan by a Head

Huge Crowd Pays Striking Tribute to Racing and Fills Belmont Park to 'Overflowing'—Three Horses Heads Apart in Feature Race of Exciting Day.

By HERBERT.

August Belmont, chairman of the Jockey Club, stood in the stand at Belmont Park yesterday, and a satisfied smile flickered across his face. Stromboli, winner of the Metropolitan Handicap, running in his name and colors, had just been beaten a short head by James Butler's High Noon, in the twenty-second renewal of the Toboggan Handicap, and the roar of 30,000 voices which greeted the pulse-raising drive had hardly been stilled.

It seemed no time to smile, yet there it was, and the reason was written in the huge crowd which packed the stands, overflowed on the lawns and invested the infield. Mr. Belmont's love of racing was greater than his love of winning. He and his associates reaped a rich measure of reward yesterday, for the efforts expended to rebuild the sport.

Not since that Memorial Day in 1908, when the late James R. Keene's unbeaten Colin raced to sensational victory in the Belmont Stakes, has such a crowd paid tribute to racing. On that day the tide of the turf passed all bounds.

Since then it has ebbed and ebbed, but the turning came after three lean years, and now once more it is on a raging flood.

Tribute to the Sport.

The racing yesterday was full of interest and studded with thrills, and yet the story lies in that crowd of thirty thousand men and women who returned to the sport with new-born enthusiasm. The cheers, the shouts, could not be misunderstood.

Under the restrictions imposed against oral betting, in the absence of public bookmaking, hundreds upon hundreds could not make a wager, or even learn the prices quoted, and yet they turned from baseball, golf, boxing and other forms of entertainment to enjoy the strife of racing thoroughbreds.

Not that baseball, golf, boxing and the other sports did not draw their full quota. They did; but racing again took its place in the front rank.

No fairer picture could be painted, no fairer day conceived, no more exciting finishes imagined. Everything conspired to please and satisfy. Even the pranks of the sun were warm.

Turning once more to the Toboggan Handicap, High Noon, Stromboli and Yankee Notions finished so close together that only the judges could accurately separate them as they flashed by the finish with whips flying.

Heads apart it was, and mighty short heads. The span of a man's hand would be nearer the measure. And that battle through the last furlong roused the thousands to momentary frenzy. It was no place for a weak horse.

Stromboli failed by just one stride to earn the prize, but shared equally with the other two in the honors. Under his import of 127 pounds he acquitted himself well, and it was his sensational rush through the last sixteenth, under Turner's masterly handling, that lent the final touch to a truly brilliant struggle.

High Noon Stands Test.

High Noon, the three-year-old son of Viceroy, nonchalant, proved a credit to his sire. He was trained by his capable trainer, Dick Benson. He bore the brunt of the race, and he showed it in turn.

He shook off in turn Hester Prynne, the mammoth Top o' the Morning, the enigmatic Yankee Notion, and finally the fast closing Stromboli. That one more stride would have meant his undoing counts for nothing. He gave of his best in gamest fashion and he won.

The test was of a kind which left no room for cavil. High Noon is a horse of class, and maybe a great horse. He was filled out into a big, fine looking fellow, and closely resembles his sire.

He was in receipt of only seven pounds by the scale from Stromboli, he was making his first appearance and lacked the tightening up of a race, he ran the six furlongs in 1:09.3-5, only one second behind Jack Atkins's record for the track, and he proved his speed and heart.

Little wonder James Butler remarked over and over again as one after another offered congratulations: "He's a good horse, he's a brave horse."

Sam Hildreth was not satisfied to have two strings to his bow. He wanted three, but one of the three snapped.

Rock View had not been cured of his fever. The statement to that effect in the column a few days ago has not been changed. He was left at the post yesterday, and it was his own fault.

As to the other races, the chart will tell the story. Yet a few words must be said of the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap.

August Belmont had another occasion to smile. His Rock Sand mare Mission, cleverly handled by Haynes, fenced fast, easily and won after a sharp struggle with Thomas Littlecock's Kintore after clearing the last jump.

F. Williams came down from Canada to ride the latter, and he rode well, except for what looked like two well timed jumps in making his run on the backstretch a full half mile or more from the finish. It left little to finish with.

Allen suffered a bad fall with Bally Bay in the chase, and was carried to the paddock in the ambulance. It was said later that he was not seriously injured.

Gifford A. Cochran scored a double with Royal Martyr in the first race and Short Bull in the second. Lilly rode both winners.

Republican's ambition cost him any chance to win the Bayside Handicap. He was too strong for Garner, and ran away seven furlongs before the start. This satisfied his ambition, but stunted his career.

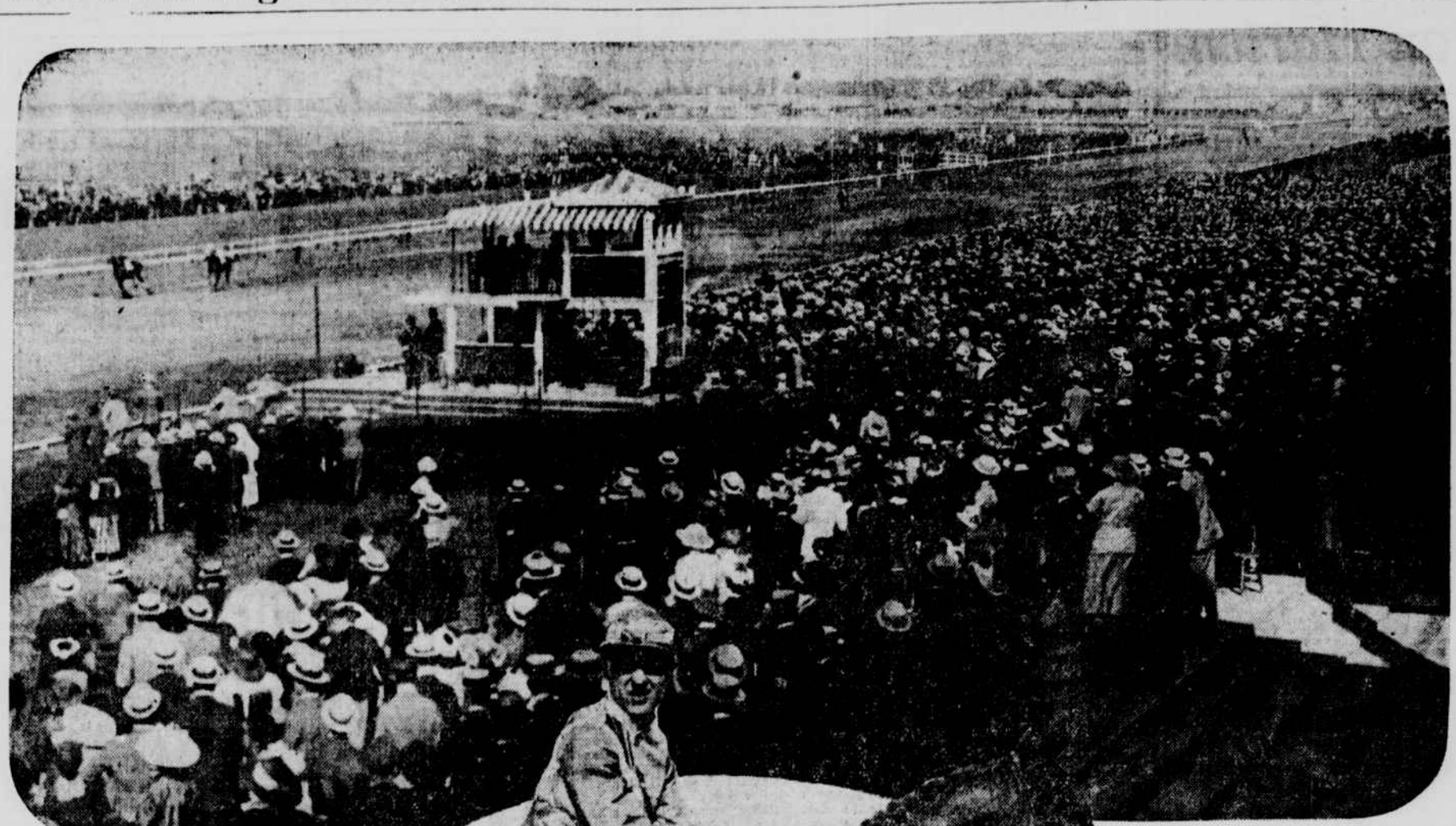
Charley Patterson, the trainer, is a most excellent judge. He told a friend that it looked to him as if Bally Bay would make his first start in the Metropolitan Handicap.

Joe McCahay, the jockey, was kicked in the stomach by Success while dismounting after the second race. There are a lot of men who would not mind being kicked around by Success.

McCahay's dignity was the greatest sufferer. Later he rode Hester Prynne.

Roly, which ran third in the first race, was retired early last season to grow a new hoof. His original hoof, or to be more exact, one of his original hoofs, was crushed by an automobile truck last June as the colt was being led to the Aqueduct track. He was

Part of the Huge Crowd Which Overflowed from Stands at Belmont Park Yesterday



Finish of third race, showing Thornhill winning and Republican, which ran away before the start, far up the stretch.

COLUMBIA CHANGES ITS ATHLETIC CODE

Hereafter Freshmen Will Be Ineligible for Any Major Teams.

Freshmen will be barred from all major sport teams at Columbia next year, and no graduate of another university who may be a student at Columbia will be eligible hereafter to a place on any Columbia team. This announcement was made by the university committee on athletics yesterday.

Another change in the eligibility code provides that no student, after competing for Columbia for four years in a major sport, will be eligible.

These new rules are the first radical changes Columbia has made in its athletic code in fifteen years, although it has been urged that freshmen be barred from its major teams at least for seven years.

Freshmen will still be eligible to compete on minor sports teams, with the exception of basketball and fencing, from which they are barred by league rules.

The playing of graduates of other colleges on Columbia teams was responsible for a great deal of undergraduate criticism on Morningside Heights during the past winter. It will mean that Laird, the old Princeton outfielder, Alec Wilson, the former Yale fencer, and many others will be barred from Columbia teams henceforth, leaving all places open to Columbia undergraduates.

No coach for the varsity football team has been selected as yet, but a schedule is practically ready.

More Oil.

If Henley hasn't been overcrowded of late, perhaps you can use this oil in the Sportlight.

"Lo—it is not always May," sang a poet. There is some balm left in Gilead after all.

INVICTUS.

(Axing the plunder with W. E. H.)

Alex the Great—1915.

Up from the mound where I sweat.

Grim as the pit from lip to lip.

I thank the gods who don't forget

For my unconquerable will.

Under the strain of bases full

I have not cracked and lost the plate;

Throughout the long nine-inning pull

I've faced the ash and played it straight.

Beyond the place of fans and cheers

There lies the horror of the bush;

But I am young and light the years—

I plant my spikes and head the push.

It matters not how swatsmen poke—

How deadly are the bats I serve;

I am the master of my smoke—

I am the captain of my curve.



JAMES BUTLER'S HIGH NOON, WITH BOREL UP, WINNER OF THE TOBOGGAN HANDICAP.

THE SPORTLIGHT

by Grantland Rice

More Oil.

The grand old commonwealth of Ohio has furnished her full share of Presidents and more than double her share of tail-enders.

"Why is it that Cleveland and Cincinnati can do no better in baseball?" asks H. L. K. They both developed the wrong habit thirty years ago and no one has ever been able to point them into higher pastures and nobler deeds. Showing the tremendous power of habit.

On Originality.

Sir—Allow me to congratulate all connected with baseball upon their wonderful originality in selecting nicknames. When a Cole breaks in he is daringly christened "King" at once. When Stack arrived he was labelled "Smoke" on the spot. And how daringly and originally each Indian is plastered with the monicker "Chief." How do their brains work so dog-gone fast? OBSERVER.

Side Lines.

There is one record that has never been broken, viz.: No entry yet has ever accomplished enough to deserve an Enlarged Dome.

For with the greatest champion that ever lived it is only a matter of how long before his features are written in the resin or his place is down around the foot.

Men vs. System.

"In case of war"—we extract this from an exchange—"America has the men to beat any military system in the world."

This statement reminds us of a certain football battle we once watched with "Hurry-up" Yost. One eleven had only average looking material—of fair weight and speed—but it had been coached with a fine system of knowledge and strategy. It knew football and all the kinks thereof.

The other eleven had one of the finest looking collections of human flesh any one would care to see. It had the men—big men, fast men—players of courage who fought every foot of ground. After five minutes of play Yost made this remark, the score then being 0 to 0—"It's a crime to send a good game bunch of youngsters to the field knowing so little of the game. That first club knows football and will drive the other off the map." And the first team, with the system, beat the second team, with the men, about 22 to 0, as we recall the count.

"Why are present day ball players so easily hurt?" queries an inquiring bystander. Because they are more "able." And the more valuable any piece of bric-a-brac is the more brittle it is, whether it be on the diamond or in the pantry.

Lessons in how to use a niblick is the title of a small volume just received. It leaves us strangely cold, not to say clammy. What we are looking for is "Lessons on how not to have to use a niblick."

The White Sox Flurry.

We note where one contemporary figures the White Sox will soon be due for a sudden drift down hill. "Back in 1912," he writes, "the Sox led the race until June and then collapsed; 1915 will probably be a repetition of 1912."

Only the case is by no means the same. In 1912 the White Sox pumped along in front because Ed Walsh was pitching and winning every other game. They depended upon one slabman, and when the rubber began to wear out in his shoulder there was nothing to it but the Soapy Chute.

The Proper System.

Cornell athletics are not a matter of producing a few prize specimens endowed with unusual brawn, speed and power. They are rather the matter of lifting the average of the many where the multitude are benefited rather than the few. Her entire system is as sane and wholesome as any athletic system could be, whatever the sport, and her decided eminence is more than deserved.

COFFEY IS VICTOR OVER JIM FLYNN IN FAST BATTLE

Jack Curley Throws Up Sponge in Ninth Round to Save Fireman.

A CLOSE CALL FOR WINNER IN SECOND

Loser Breaks Hand in Third Round, but Keeps Fighting with Rare Courage.

Jim Coffey, the Dublin Giant, won over Jim Flynn, of Pueblo, after nine rounds of hurricane fighting at Brighton Beach last night. Jack Curley, the beaten man's manager, threw up the sponge to save his man from unnecessary punishment after 1 minute and 34 seconds of the ninth round had been fought.

Coffey won the fight and what little credit may go with it, but lost much prestige in the eyes of the crowd.

Flynn broke his hand in two places in the middle of the third round, but with that rare degree of courage which has made him famous in all his battles he kept tearing in to continue a hopeless fight. Flynn, a veteran of twenty years, had withstood the savage attack of the man most highly rated by critics, and the crowd could only wonder what Coffey would have done had he been confronted by a man who is his physical equal.

When the fight was over Flynn came to the ringside and with tears streaming down his battered face asked for another chance. "I know I can beat him if I get the chance. I had him licked in the third round when I hurt my hand."

In the second round Flynn drove Coffey back, staggering and reeling and in dire distress. He fairly rained punches, but they rattled off Coffey's arms and shoulders, his elbows and gloves. Finally Coffey cleared his head, and was never again in such a predicament.

Many weary miles separate Coffey from the championship. Again he demonstrated that he can't take a punch, and he showed a glaring lack of judgment at other times. In the first round, for instance, he had things all his own way, and clinched repeatedly instead of ripping in to fight.

It was the battle of youth and age. Coffey had every advantage, but he simply could not do the work.

After the fight, Billy Gibson said that Coffey had injured both his hands, and that this prevented him from winning a knockout.

Coffey will never be nearer having the fatal decimal tattered over him than he was in the second round. He started well enough, but Flynn, the Irishman totter, and like a streak the fireman went at him. A veritable cyclone of punches drove Coffey back, but he scored the proposition of his manager to condition to down. Flynn did well in the fifth and earned at least an even break. Coffey it was who did the holding.

Flynn had apparently injured his left hand by the time the sixth round rolled by. He had been favoring it for a couple of rounds, and even in the clinches he made little effort to hold. It was apparent to the crowd that he was one-handed battle, but he stayed up and did his best. Before the seventh round he admitted that his hand had been broken in the fourth round, but he kept saying, "I'll get him," he kept saying, but this, of course, was impossible.

A little thing like a broken hand didn't stop the fireman from tearing right in and at intervals he scored heavily, but not often enough. The unmarked Coffey stood off and beat a merciful tattoo on his smaller, crippled opponent. It was a magnificent display of courage, but futile, indeed.

At last came the end. Flynn could not hope to win, and after one minute and thirty-four seconds of boxing in the ninth round, Jack Curley threw up the sponge.

GREENWICH VILLAGE SEES MERRY RACE

Schezen, of Brownsville F. C., Sprints to Front in the Last Ten Yards.

Greenwich Village turned out a goodly crowd yesterday to cheer the runners who competed in the annual sprint race on the track at the Municipal Stadium.

The summary follows:

1. Harry Schezen, Brownsville F. C. 22.55

2. J. Edgar, Holy Cross 22.55

3. J. Edgar, Holy Cross 22.55

4. J. Edgar, Holy Cross 22.55

5. J. Edgar, Holy Cross 22.55

6. J. Edgar, Holy Cross 22.55

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19. J. Edgar, Holy Cross 22.55

20. J. Edgar, Holy Cross 22.55

OUTDOOR BOXING DRAWS WELL AT EBBETS FIELD

Crowds Cheer as Bartfield Holds Gibbons to Close Decision.

Twelve thousand spectators set the seal of approval on open air boxing at Ebbets Field yesterday afternoon.

Five ten-round bouts were contested, and five indeed were the spectators who left. This is the first battle fought in this city, or this vicinity, out of doors since Terry McGovern won the hantamweight championship of the world from Pedlar Palmer, at Tuckahoe sixteen years ago.

But now that the fans have had their taste of boxing under conditions that were really ideal, there is little doubt that shows held in the open air will become as popular here as they were in California. After five years of watching boxing bouts in superheated clubs where the air was smoke laden and impure, the enthusiasts hailed the chance to get out under the sun, where the boys could show at their best. The fighters also had the chance, and the pace was fast in every bout from the time that Dutch Brand landed his first left jab on Battling Lahn until Al McCoy missed his last wild swing on Silent Martin.

To start the ball rolling Dutch Brand defeated Battling Lahn after a rattling bout, coming through in the last five rounds. Then Battling Levinsky outboxed Dan Kelly, and the surprise of the afternoon, however, came when Soldier Bartfield held Mike Gibbons to a close decision, and although outpointed by a fair margin, was hailed by the crowd for his bravery.

The bout between Levinsky and Young Johnnie Dundee knocked out Johnnie Drumme in two rounds of a one-sided battle. The last bout resulted in a draw, and Al McCoy was one of the principals, with Silent Martin the other.

Soldier Bartfield astounded the crowd by his work against Gibbons. It was only that Mike landed his punches straight and according to the Queensberry rules that won for him.

The bout between Levinsky and Flynn was fast for big men. Levinsky scored a knockdown in the second round and outboxed his man easily. He weighed 179 pounds to 198 pounds for Flynn.

Experience and strength won for Dundee over Drumme. The speedy little Italian was entirely too good for the Jersey boy and had the additional advantage of five pounds in weight.

A left and right hand punch to the jaw, landing simultaneously, brought the bout to a close.

Entries for To-day at Belmont Park

FIRST RACE—For two-year-olds, condition. Five furlongs, straight. Wt. Name. Time.

Murphy 119 Miss Philbin 107

Handoff 119 Arxle Quince 107

SECOND RACE—Selling, for three-year-olds and upward. One mile. Wt. Name. Time.

Robinson 119 Robinson 107

Robinson 119 Robinson 107

Robinson 119 Robinson 107

Robinson 119 Robinson 107

Robinson 119 Robinson 107

Robinson 119 Robinson 107

Robinson 119 Robinson 107

Robinson 119 Robinson 107

Robinson 119 Robinson 107

Robinson 119 Robinson 107

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Robinson 119 Robinson 107

RACING TO-DAY AT BELMONT PARK

TO-DAY'S SPECIAL FEATURES INCLUDE

THE HOLLISWOOD HANDICAP

AND FIVE OTHER RACES—FIRST RACE AT 2:30 P.M.

Special Race Trains leave Pennsylvania Station at 12:30 and at intervals up to 1:35 P.M. From Nostrand Ave. 5 minutes later, East N.Y. 8 minutes later. Also reached by trolley.

Gate Admission, \$1.00. Grand Stand & Paddock, \$3. Ladies, \$1.50.

INFIELD FREE TO THE PUBLIC ON SATURDAY.